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A POOR MARKSMAN AND A POOR GUN.

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NOT TO BE BOSSED.

"What a bad cold you have, Benedict!"

"Yes; — my mother-in-law got to dictating when the family should put their Winter flannels on."

"Did you put yours on?"

"No; — that 's it! I had them on — and when she got so arbitrary I went and took them off."

IT WOULD NOT.

MRS. BROWN-JONES. — It is rumored that Li Hung Chang and the Empress Dowager of China are married.

MRS. NEWROCKS. — Indeed! Would that make him the Emperor Dowager?

A TYPE.

FIRST HARLEMITE. — Jones is a Jingo, is n't he?

SECOND HARLEMITE. — Oh, yes! He wants to whip all the nations of the earth, but he would n't say "boo" to the janitor.

HIS VINDICTIVENESS.

FARMER HAWBUCK *(looking up from his newspaper)*. — By swack! The editor of the *Weekly Clarion* is an unforgivin' cuss!

MRS. HAWBUCK. — What makes ye say so, Lot?

FARMER HAWBUCK. — Why, he still goes on callin' the Spaniards "the haughty dons."

THE QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

NOT foreign policies,
Nor ethics of right living,
Are of the subtleties
Considered at Thanksgiving;
But where good appetite
Sits down with good digestion
Instead, "Dark meat, or white?"
Is quite the leading question.

To-day is not the day
To overlook the Navy!
The Army, too, 's O. K.,
But let 's discuss the gravy.
Your host with many men
May hold that War 's a blessing —
War 's clean forgotten when
He asks: "Will you take
dressing?"

We shake all business cares,
Lay down all social crosses,
And more prosaic wares
Give place to soup and sauces.
No question, old or new,
Surer of favor high is
Than "Can't I help you to
Another piece of pie?" is!

Edward W. Barnard.

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THE QUESTION OF COAST DEFENCES.

"Well," explained Papa, "the forts and torpedos and mines are needed to defend our cities if foreign ships should attack them."

"But," argued Johnny, "how could they get to our cities with all the American ships to keep them away?"

"Suppose they should defeat the American ships?"

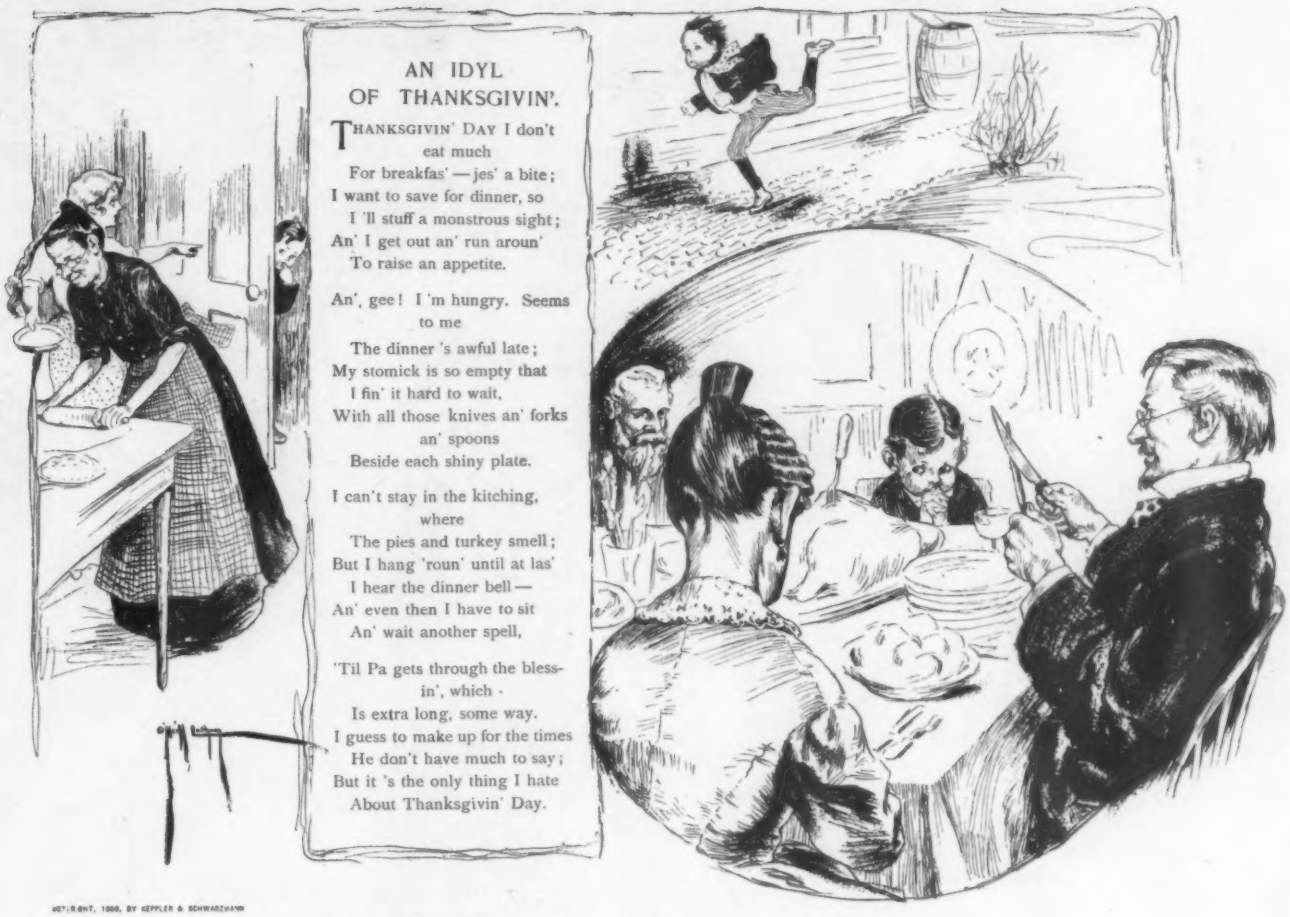
"Oh, pshaw! Papa, they could n't!"

COMPARISON.

DRY-GOODS CLERK. — Those goods at twenty-nine cents are as fine as anything in the market.

CUSTOMER. — And these at thirty-five cents?

DRY-GOODS CLERK. — Those are still finer.



AN IDYL OF THANKSGIVIN'.

THANKSGIVIN' DAY I don't eat much
For breakfas' — jes' a bite;
I want to save for dinner, so
I 'll stuff a monstrous sight;
An' I get out an' run aroun'
To raise an appetite.

An', gee! I 'm hungry. Seems to me
The dinner 's awful late;
My stomick is so empty that
I fin' it hard to wait,
With all those knives an' forks an' spoons
Beside each shiny plate.

I can't stay in the kitching, where
The pies and turkey smell;
But I hang 'roun' until at las'
I hear the dinner bell —
An' even then I have to sit
An' wait another spell,

'Til Pa gets through the blessin', which
Is extra long, some way.
I guess to make up for the times
He don't have much to say;
But it 's the only thing I hate
About Thanksgivin' Day.

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If comp'ny 's here I don't get helped
'Til they 're all 'tended to —
Unless it 's Uncle. He says: "Give
That boy something to do."
An' then I try to pass for more
'Fore Pa 's begun to chew!

It puzzles me to know how much
To save for pie and stuff.
One year I missed the puddin', cause
My stomick felt so tough;
An' once — oh, dear! — I saved too much
An' did n't get enough!

Edwin L. Sabin.

HIS CASE.

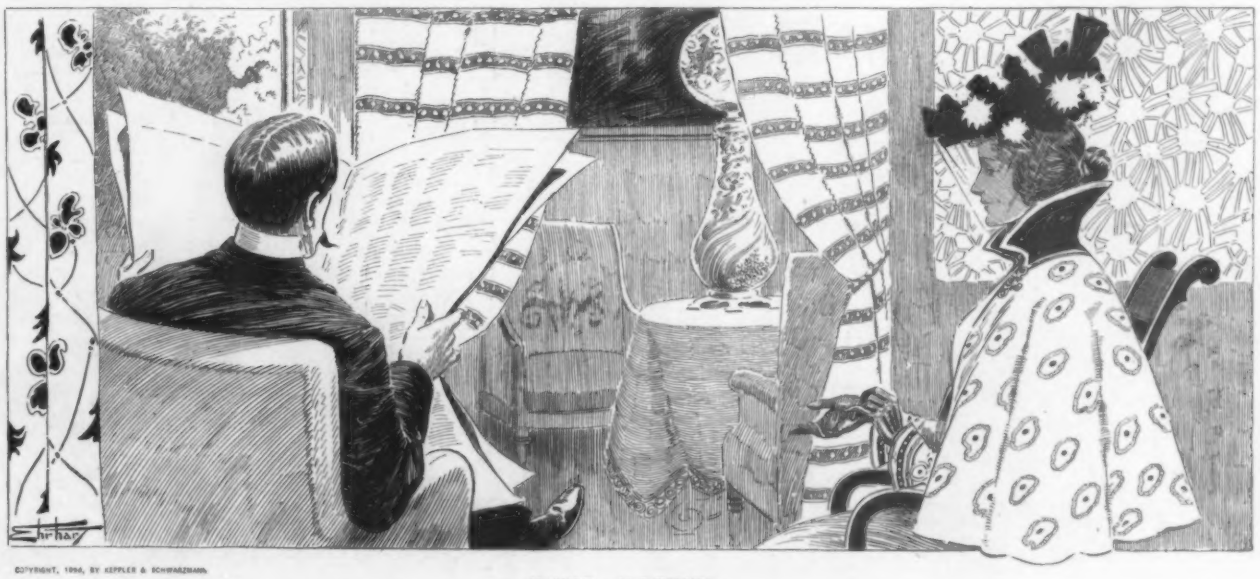
BROWN. — What disease is Crankley suffering from?

JONES. — I don't think it 's a disease, exactly; — I think it would be more accurate to describe his malady as a complaint.

SWELL.

HAVERS. — Was the banquet to the Count swell?

JABBERS. — Swell? Why, I did n't recognize a single thing I ate, except the ice-water!



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MIXED MOTIVES.

MRS. CHATTERTON. – Helen is getting up a club to study "Faust" this Winter.

CHATTERTON. — Is she so intellectual?

MRS. CHATTERTON. — No; but she wants to show off that she can pronounce "Goethe."

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A FAILURE.

TICKET-SELLER. — The new play fell flat, did n't it?

WALKER HAMM. — I should say so! A man yelled "Fire!" during the third act, but hardly anybody woke up.

A HORSE WITH TASTE.

RURALVILLE MERCHANT. — A stranger drove into the village yesterday, and when our band began to play his horse snorted a couple of times and dropped dead.

DRUMMER *(who has heard the band)*. — What an excellent judge of music that horse must have been!

TAKING IT LITERALLY.

MAMA. — Have you decided what to do in that matter?

PAPA. — I 'm waiting to see which way the cat will jump.

JOHNNY *(eagerly)*. — I 'll make her jump!

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HE *(pleadingly)*. — At least, you will let me hope?

SHE *(softly)*. — Yes. I will always let you hope.

AT THE DOG SHOW.

"What do you think of the bulldogs?"

"It 's hard to look at them and accept the theory that hydrophobia is a purely imaginary disease."

HOW COULD HE MANAGE IT?

MUSEUM MANAGER. — What 's the joke that 's going the rounds?

LECTURER. — The armless man took his best girl out sleigh-riding last night.

AS SOON as a baby has learned to talk it becomes necessary to teach it to keep quiet.

THE FACT that Rome was not built in a day has served as an excuse for a great deal of loafing.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER LOST.

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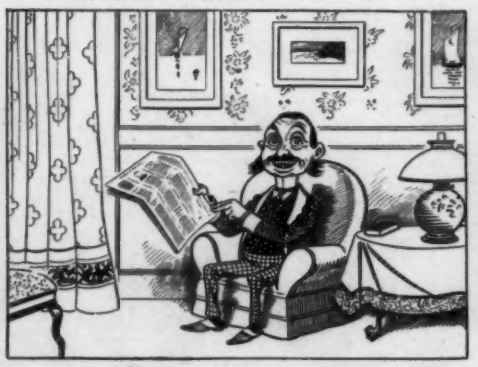

I.

MR. BOWERS. — Clara has been wanting me to subscribe for this *Family Fancies*, and I believe I will. It appears to contain very sound advice. For instance, it says: "Every father of a family should try to make home as jovial and as lively as possible." That is good advice and I am going to try it. I am too solemn and sour.

II.

"I 'll try to make some fun for the children. Hi, there! Tom and Mary! Dum, dum! Ditty d' dum, dum, dum, dum! Whoop-la!"

TOM AND MARY *(in terrorized voices)*. — Mother, Mother, come quick! Father is going crazy!

III.

MR. BOWERS *(slightly disappointed)*. — They appeared to be frightened. Well, I guess they are not used to seeing me jovial. The *Family Fancies* also said to crack jokes, now and then. I 'll try some on Clara.

IV.

"Say, Clara! Where was Moses when the light went out? Oh! Ha, ha, ha! What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? Weow! Ho, ho, ho! When is a man not a man? He, he, he!"

MRS. BOWERS *(in disgust)*. — I can answer that last one: — when he makes a fool of himself.

V.

MR. BOWERS. — *She* don't appear to catch on, either. Ah! here comes my good, old mother-in-law. I 'll show her how to be joyful and merry. *She* can understand, I 'll wager. That paper said, none were too old to dance and frolic.

VI.

"Ah, there! Mother-in-law! Whoop her up! Let her go, Gallagher! Hi-diddle-de! Hi-di! Hi-di-di! Weow! None are old who would be young."

VII.

MR. BOWERS'S MOTHER-IN-LAW *(gasping for breath).*— You disreputable, disgraceful wretch! If you have no respect for yourself you should have for your wife's mother! I told Clara, long ago, you were drinking yourself into insanity.

VIII.

THE COOK.—If yez don't git outer dis kitchen Oi 'll break yez face wid dis fryin'-pan. Oi 'll allow no mon to make gay wid me about my gintlemin fri'nds;—thot Oi 'll not! Yez can't joke wid me! See?

IX.

MRS. BOWERS *(in a choking voice).*—James, will you remain here until I come back? I am going down to ask Doctor Bromer, the insanity expert, to call and see you. You have been working too hard of late, dear. Now, keep as quiet as possible while I am gone; will you, darling?

X.

MR. BOWERS *(angrily).*—Don't you leave the house! I 'm not insane! It is the —— editor of this —— paper who is crazy! *(As he rips the paper in pieces.)* Make home jovial! Bah! Crack jokes! Bah! Be pleasant and gay! Bah! Clara, if this paper ever comes into the house again I 'll sue for a divorce!

A POSER.

"What is the Latin word for potato?" asked the village trustee.

"Why," said the would-be school teacher, "potatos were brought from Virginia by Sir Walter—"

Answer my question if you can!" said the trustee sharply; "and if you can't, say so!"

And he subsequently told everybody in the village how he "stuck him."

A DIFFICULT CASE.

PATIENT.—You are worried about my case, Doctor; I can see it in your face.

DOCTOR.—No-o; not exactly.

PATIENT.—Tell me the truth, Doctor. I want to know just what you think.

DOCTOR.—Well, to be quite candid with you, I was worrying about your bill. You have n't paid me a cent in two years.

HIS CONCLUSION.

"Er-h'm!" remarked old Farmer Hawbuck, ruefully regarding the package of nice, clean sawdust which he had purchased under the impression that it contained green-goods; "it 'pears to be easy enough to git somethin' for nothin', but after a feller has 'got it—dod-blitter it!—he gener'ly finds that it ain't worth the price!"

THE FIRST STEP COSTS.

FIRST BOARDER.—I see that two boarders are suing a boarding mistress for money loaned her.

SECOND BOARDER.—That 's a singular case.

FIRST BOARDER.—Very! I suppose they got into the habit of paying their board in full and then matters went from bad to worse.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

FIRST LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—I think we should hold a national convention. There 's one question I should like to see thoroughly discussed.

SECOND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—What 's that?

FIRST LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—At what point, in dealing with an obstreperous customer, should moral suasion be abandoned and force begin?

INVESTIGATION DESIRED.

BROWN.—If the country on the Pacific Slope is as beautiful as this railroad guide book says, I 'd like to see it.

SMITH.—Well, they don't ask you to believe the guide book. They want you to go out there by that road and see the country for yourself.

THE TRUE philosopher considers it a waste of time to kick himself after making a fool of himself.

AN EXTREME CASE.

"Talking about people with poor memories," said the man of remarkable experiences, "the worst case of the kind I ever knew was a man named A. Frelinghuysen Smith. He invariably wrote his name that way and after he had been doing it for about fifteen years, I 'm blest if he did n't forget what the 'A' stood for!"

A SCHEME.

ASSISTANT.—Here is another letter from those piano people.

MANAGER.—What do they say?

ASSISTANT.—They want to know on what terms they could arrange to have the *prima donna* recommend their pianos every time she is called before the curtain at the end of an act.

CUPID USUALLY begins by shooting away a person's steering gear.

COMPLIMENTARY.

MISS JACKSON.—Dese am mah new photographs, Mistah Johnson. Don't yo' fink dey makes me out a fright?

MR. JOHNSON *(effusively).*—No, indeed, I don't, Miss Jackson! Dey makes yo' out positively good-looking, and dat 's a fact!

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EMPHATIC DISAPPROVAL.

THE GOBBLER.—What 's this? The President appoints a Day of Thanksgiving, does he? Well, you can bet your tail feathers I 'm against the Administration from this time on!

ANT-HILL PHILOSOPHY.

ACCORDING TO recent observations by Professor Tele Scopus, of Ant-Hill Observatory, Glorytown, Jupiter, there seems to be no doubt that the Earth is inhabited by organized beings. At a recent meeting of the Gloryland Association for the Advancement of Science the distinguished professor, as secretary of the astronomical section, reported on his discoveries substantially as follows: The Earth is surrounded by an atmosphere which, with the sunlight, renders organic life possible. Organisms are plentiful. The shape of these has not as yet been definitely determined, but it is hoped that results in this line will soon be forthcoming. It seems probable that there are a number of different forms, prominent among which are some which move about quite slowly and have a tendency to form colonies. They are supposed to feed on one another; yet this is a hypothesis. Their colonies are composed of large, square habitations, where they probably store their provisions and shield their bodies against the heat of the sun, which must be quite intense, — averagely 6792454389765558 degrees, according to Professor Tele Scopus's calculations.

One quite interesting feature about these organisms is that they will sometimes float on the water and even congregate in large numbers on certain floating bulb-like isles, which emit light and smoke. It is believed that by these means they exchange articles of food from one land to another. After such excursions they will return to their colonies, where they become more active than usually, and skip about their habitations, wending their way in and about long, narrow paths, for some purpose or other. Their movements are unaccountable, as there seems to be no established method therein, and clearly life with them is merely a gigantic, irrelevant crowding together and moving apart.

When sunlight disappears, they light their walks and habitations in certain ways and retire into holes, where they remain quiet for a while. Professor Scopus claims to have discovered that these earth-dwellers operate to a great extent by pairs, and that they move about to a great extent by couples. He is of the opinion that a complete organism is composed of two lumpy bodies, each dependent upon the other, and that life with them is incomplete as long as no such association takes place. It also appears that the movements of the pairs are more steady than those of the uncoupled ones.

A detailed account of these remarkable discoveries will appear shortly under the title of, "The Life of the Earth-Dwellers." Professor Scopus has sold the serial rights of the book to the *Saturn Monthly* and to the *Urania*. Advance sheets will be supplied to all of our moons, so that the publication of the work in book-form can take place simultaneously throughout the Jupiter world.

J. Christian Bay.

A THEORY.

JONES. — Your Chicago friend seemed quite pensive, last night.

SMITH. — Yes; I think he was building wind-castles.

LITERARY NOTE.

JUDGE. — You are accused of stealing six reams of paper, three gallons of ink and five gross of pens. What have you to say?

PRISONER.—Your Honor, I am a novelist, and I was merely collecting material for a new story.

THE ACME.

"Bustleby is always in a tremendous hurry."

"That 's so. Why, I 've even seen him steam right by a danger sign without stopping to find out why it was there!"

SOME TEMPERANCE people act as if water went to their heads.

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FORESIGHT.

PATSY.— Come and play with us!

MAMIE.— What are you going to play?

PATSY.— Anything you like.

MAMIE.— Then I can't come.

PATSY.—Why?

MAMIE.— Me mudder don't let me play kissin' games.

PUCK.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS THANKSGIVING DAY.

SOME PERSONS are of so thankful a habit that they issue a little private proclamation every day in the year, and make it a day of thanksgiving. There are others of an opposite way of mind who are moderately unthankful every day of the year except Thanksgiving day. Then they are immoderately unthankful in order to counteract the heresy so rampant on that day. Between these two extremes the rest of us are thankful or unthankful the year round, in sympathy with our livers and our favorite newspapers; but we are politely willing to be thankful this one day in the year, if someone will only show us good cause for it.

* * *

We have done a lot of things since last Thanksgiving day, and there is so much variety in them that every one ought to find something to his taste. Those who wanted war may surely be thankful. Those who did n't want it may be thankful we had no more than we did. It might easily have been more. Those whose rule is to take what comes and make the best of it will give thanks for the clean and overwhelming character of our victory, for the magnificent showing of our navy and our army, for the spirit of national unity which has been freshly demonstrated by the drawing together of the East and West, the North and South, and for a President whose highest ambition was to be a good President. Some of us are thankful the war brought us new territory. Others can not be thankful for that, but they at least may feel that we have nerve and vigor enough to survive any possible disaster such territory may bring us; and along with that they must remember the aphorism of a contemporary philosopher, that "Expansion, anyway, is a heap better than Contraction." Many have lost near ones in battle. They will not give thanks for that; but may not thanks be given that they had so good a country and so good a cause to die for?

* * *

At the risk of being contradicted by those whose views about money differ from ours, we would further suggest that the whole country has great cause to rejoice over the result of the late Congressional elections. The Silver forces are reduced to a harmless minority in both houses of Congress. There is a double cause for thanks in this. First, it removes a menace to our credit which was commonly supposed to be more dangerous to our welfare than any possible aggression from without. Second, it tells of renewed prosperity among farming people. They have seen plenty come back to them without any magic manipulation of our dollar, a thing many of them believed to be impossible two years ago. There is not only the assurance of present prosperity in this, but the promise of clearer thinking on financial topics in the future.

* * *

There are some persons and institutions, it must be confessed, whose causes for thankfulness must be looked hard for. There is the Democratic party: its pet issue has died. There is David B. Hill: he is still dead. There is Richard Croker: he is mourning his untimely discovery that, like children, Bosses should be "seen" and not heard. There is Senator Quay: he is visibly uncertain as to whether he shall serve his State in a high position or in one of humbleness and restraint. Then there is the Woolen Industry: with the highest tariff ever known it has come to grief. Two of the largest woolen mills have failed; others are closed; the Wool Exchange in New York has failed and taken a bank with it; the price of domestic wool instead of going up has, treacherously to Mr. Dingley, gone down. There, too, is Mr. Dingley, himself: he has either got to shoot again or give up the gun.

* * *

But why extend this list when there are so many of us who are thankful? To all such as can not feel this spirit meetly PUCK begs to recommend the cultivation of a graceful bowing acquaintance with the Inevitable. There are enough of the rest of us to carry Thanksgiving day by a rousing majority.

A DREAM.

FIRST POPULIST.—What are you thinkin' about?

SECOND POPULIST.—I was just thinkin' how rich we 'd all be if everybody 'd start an endless-chain subscription for everybody else and nobody 'd break the chain.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

"It 's all over but the shouting," said the politician to his friend, the night before election; "and, between you and me, our side won't have to attend to that."

IN MADRID.

FIRST CITIZEN.—You remember there was a little Yankee steamer called the "Gussie?"

SECOND CITIZEN *(shuddering)*.—I remember! Merciful Heaven! If those accursed Yankees save the "Maria Teresa" I suppose they 'll call her the "Tessie."

AN EFFECTIVE weather bureau ought not to cost much in Cuba;—a few cheap pessimists would quite suffice.

MUCH OF the alarm about microbes in kisses seems to be felt by persons whose looks render them immune, anyway.

NOTICE.

And now, if your cup of thanksgiving is n't more than half-full, read this and let it run over. CHRISTMAS PUCK will be out DECEMBER 7TH. We have not the descriptive power to do it justice. You will have to do the job yourself. The CHRISTMAS PUCK will be like other CHRISTMAS PUCKS in kind, but superior in degree. There are many Christmas publications in this land, but not one that can fairly be compared with CHRISTMAS PUCK as an artistic production or a humorous publication. As a specimen of COLOR-PRINTING, TYPOGRAPHY, GOOD DRAWING, ELEGANCE, BEAUTY and FINISH it stands alone. It will have 48 PAGES, and, as a matter of cold fact, every page (yes, even the advertising pages) will be worth the price of the whole. The price of the whole being but A QUARTER, this will leave you a net profit of $11.75 on every copy you buy. You can't buy many unless you are quick with your order, for the CHRISTMAS PUCK never lasts long. Order of your newsdealer, or send twenty-five cents to the PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

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A FRENCH FROG AND AN ENGLISH LION.

FRANCE.—*Sacré!* I almost burst myself trying to scare that old Lion off! but it 's no go;—so I go instead!

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A THANKSGIVI

PUCK. — Gentlemen, your health! I am glad to see from your bea in
for Universal Peace. Here 's to you all!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

ANKSGIVING TOAST.

from your bea ing faces that you share the high aspirations of our friend, the Czar,

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

THE RHEUMATISM and the new circuit-rider were being entertained by old man Sogback, a worthy citizen of Arkansaw, who was struggling, out of respect for the clergyman, to refrain from anathematizing his malady in his usual thorough manner, and had succeeded so well that he had said nothing worse than, "Dad-slap the ding-taked thing to the everlastin' — er — h'm! — what-d'ye-call-it?"

"I know it is a severe trial, Brother Sogback," said the minister, in polite reproof; "but, if we only knew it, many of what seem to be our deepest tribulations are in reality blessings in disguise."

"Huh!" ejaculated the sufferer, a trifle skeptically; "I notice that some of 'em 'pear to be mighty durn well — er — er — that is, considerably disguised."

"Quite true, Brother Sogback; but if we can learn to accept our trials with philosophical resignation we will discover that —"

"By Jing! — h'm! — I mean, yes, Parson. That reminds me of the case of Hick Rickleston, who was so red-headed that his top-knot looked pow'ful like it was on fire, and who was also sawter tar-an'-feathered, a couple o' years ago, for a little somethin', I forgit what now. But, anyhow, he grinned kinder confidential, as you may say, while they was a-trimmin' him up; an' the next thing we heerd about him he was travelin' around with a side-show, still wearin' his tar an' feathers, an' also the title of 'the only human sockety-peck — half man an' half red-headed woodpecker — ever placed on exhibition.' They say he 's been makin' big money ever since he started, an' that some of the finest people in the land have stood an' gazed at him in horror an' surprise. Eh-yah! Thar 's a good deal in philosophy, if you happen to know how to work it jes' right."

Tom P. Morgan.

IF FORTUNE ever begins to smile upon you don't get the idea that you have nothing more to do than to bask.

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BOTH.

COHENSTEIN.— I vonder vy volks say dot peezness vos peezness?
MRS. COHENSTEIN.— Vell, ain'd id?
COHENSTEIN.— No; Peezness vos bleasure!

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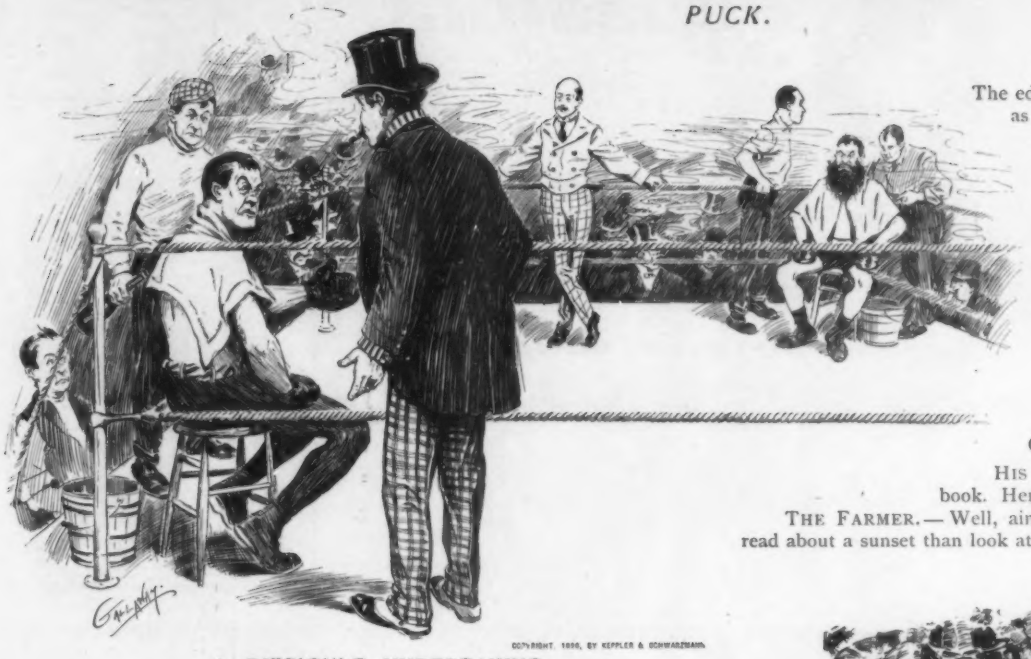
OMINOUS.

LITTLE BROTHER.— I don't think I 'd care much for that book.
LITTLE SISTER.— Why not?
LITTLE BROTHER.— Grandma says it 's instructive as well as amusing.



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A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.

CHAMPION PUGILIST *(to his backer)*.— Fer heaven's sake, Clancy, don't never match me no more against "unknowns!" How kin I locate de point uv dat feller's jaw among dem whiskers?

A PAINFUL REMINISCENCE.

"Yes," confessed the imprisoned confidence man, "I *have* had moments of deep regret. I remember on the occasion of my first arrest — I was barely nineteen years old — "

He paused a moment.

"Yes?" put in the good old clergyman, sympathetically.

"I was bitterly disappointed to find that not a single newspaper referred to me as 'young in years, but old in crime.' "

AN APPARENT ERROR.

S. S. TEACHER.— And Noah took into the ark pairs of every living thing —

PUPIL.— Why did n't he leave out the microbes?

BEAUTY DRAWS by a hair, and without even taking the curl out of it.

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THE ONLY METHOD.

THE GROOM-ELECT.—There 's just one thing for a man to do if he wants to give up smoking permanently!

HER FATHER.— What is that?

THE GROOM-ELECT.— Marry a woman who objects to it!

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

The editor of the Peaville *Banner* smiled grimly as he signed his name to the mortgage.

"We shall say in our local columns this week," he said, "that we have recently added a large and expensive paper-weight to the equipment of our office."

HE CHALLENGES COMPARISON.

"The young foreigner," said the Grand-Vizier, "who addressed you as 'Your Serene Highness,' committed a grave breach of etiquette."

"Oh, well," replied the Sultan; "I guess I 'm as serene as any of 'em!"

COULD OBSERVE FOR HIMSELF.

HIS WIFE.— I 'm s'prised you don't like the book. Here 's the loveliest description of a sunset —

THE FARMER.— Well, ain't I seen sunsets? Some folks 'd rather read about a sunset than look at one!

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THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

MISS SEZIT.— That Mrs. Gadder seems to be at home almost everywhere!

DEWITTE.— Yes; except at home!

RAISON D'ÊTRE.

READE NEWSOM.— What was there in that story you had in the morning *Diurnal* about the scandal in the Gratefokes family?

WRIGHT FAKELEIGH.— Eight dollars a column.

BIGHEAD.— Is n't it strange that men who make money in one place always go to another place to spend it?

CYNIC.— Not at all. By going to another place they don't have to live down the reputation they acquired while making their money.

SOME PEOPLE are so optimistic that they will come back from a wild goose chase with the idea that they have made reputations as sportsmen.

"THE MELANCHOLY days have come,"
So sings the poet sad;
But if he would n't sing so much
They would n't be so bad!

A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE.

HUSBAND. — Why don't you wear your new dress?

WIFE. — It is unbecoming, or else it is out of style, or possibly it is a horrible misfit, I 'm not sure which; but I must look like a fright or a simpleton in it.

HUSBAND. — Why so?

WIFE. — All my friends praise it. — *New York Weekly.*

NO MAN should marry till he can listen to a baby crying in the next room and not feel like breaking the furniture. — *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

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Pepsalt...

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Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

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FAVORABLE SYMPTOMS.

"How 's your town coming along, doctor?" was asked of the young physician who hails from a rural village.

"Doing as well as could be expected," replied the doctor, who is assiduously cultivating a professional air. "It is beginning to show symptoms of a couple of new business blocks and a bigger school-house."— *Detroit Free Press.*

YEAST. — Was there any life in the air where you spent the Summer?

CRIMSONBEAK. — Oh, my, yes! There was almost any kind of old insect you could think of. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THE DEMOCRAT *(sadly).* — I see Bill has joined the great majority.

THE REPUBLICAN *(joyfully).* — Come over into the Republican Party, has he? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

RICH, PURE FLAVOR.

Perfectly Matured and Mellow.

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On the Destruction of the "Maine."
Begins in the November CENTURY.

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On the Explosion of the "Merrimac."
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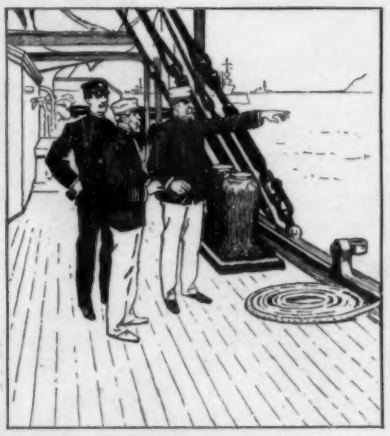
CAPTAIN EVANS
CAPTAIN TAYLOR
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT
LIEUTENANT EBERLE
Each one will tell his own personal experiences in connection with the destruction of Cervera's fleet.
CAPTAIN MAHAN
CAPTAIN CROWNINSHIELD
CAPTAIN BARTLETT
Are among the other writers who will contribute to this great series.



Miniature reproduction of full-page picture in the December CENTURY. Sampson, Schley, and Hobson on the deck of the "New York."

"The latest enterprise of THE CENTURY throws into the shade nearly everything that has been done in the past."—*New York Tribune.*

THE CENTURY IN 1899

will be richer than ever in general features—in spite of the Spanish War Series. There will be

A Superbly Illustrated Life of Alexander the Great.
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

YEAST. — There 's a lady pianist at the museum who plays with her toes.

CRIMSONBEAK. — Umph! That 's nothing; my baby does that. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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A SCIENTIFIC REQUEST.

PROFESSOR BUGGOLOGY *(to the janitress).* — One of my tarantulas has escaped, Mrs. Jenks, and I think he is somewhere about the house. He is an extremely rare and valuable specimen and I must caution you against stepping on or otherwise injuring him; and if he should happen to bite one of your children I wish you to notify me at once. I am especially desirous of observing the effects of tarantular virus upon the human system in a northern latitude.

GREATLY AFFLICTED.

MRS. DE PLATTE. — How are you all at home, Mrs. Brownston?

MRS. BROWNSTON. — Not well at all! My daughter has la grippe, my country-cousin has the influenza, and my servant has a cold in the head. — *New York Weekly.*

THERE are lots of miserable hypocrites in the churches, but no worse than outside. — *Washington Democrat.*

Since NOAH'S Time

The strength or extract of beef has always been regarded by mankind as pre-eminently the greatest source of vigor and refreshment. It has strengthened and soothed centuries of tired muscles and weary brains. A jar of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF

contains the concentrated strength of the finest lean beef. It enables anyone to make the most delicious strengthening soups and sauces easily and quickly.

Blakemore Whiskey 7 Years Old

NOTHING BETTER MADE OR SOLD.

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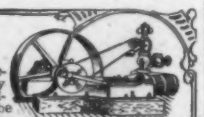

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

HAD HIS OWN OPINION.

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"The betting on the favorite is two to one; and money talks, you know!"
THE JOCKEY.—Yes; but sometimes it talks through its hat!

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne should be in every household. It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's—The Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

Absolutely Reliable Always

Remington
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WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
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EXCELLENT.

I am pleased to add my endorsement to Pozzoni's Face Powder; it is excellent.
Sincerely,
Blanche Walsh

How can it be better than EXCELLENT. You may try Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder by sending your name and the name of this paper to E. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

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What

Viola Allen

Says:

"I have found your

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

to be wonderfully strength-giving when fatigued from overwork, and gladly acknowledge its great value as a most efficient tonic."

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract Gives Strength

Viola Allen

A DEPTH YET TO BE REACHED.

"You boast of your greater civilization!" exclaimed the Indian, contemptuously.

"Have n't we a right to?"

"No, sir! The Indian has been dragged down by your influence, but he is still superior. He may drink intoxicating liquor; but he does n't smash the bottles on the asphalt for bicycles to run over."—*Washington Star.*

THE POINT OF VIEW.

HAMFATTER.—They looked at me open-mouthed when I did that specialty of mine.

SHAKESPOKE.—That 's right. It 's the first time in my life that I ever saw a whole audience yawn at once.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Somerset Club

Absolutely Pure. Very Old. Delicious Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior.

TONICAL IN EFFECTS.

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

A STRONG-MINDED VIEW.

MR. MEEKE.—The paper says the judge reserved his decision. I don't see why it is judges invariably put off deciding a point until the next day.

MRS. M.—Huh! Judges have sense enough to want to consult their wives.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"AND, remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon: truthfulness and obedience."

"Yis, Mum;—and when you tell me to tell the ladies you 're out, when you 're in, which shall it be, Mum?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When going away, take a bottle of the genuine imported *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters. Neutralizes impurities in water.

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF Rhine Violets No. 4711

The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

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MÜLHENS & KROPFF

NEW YORK

WHAT HE TOOK.

JAY GREEN (*a rural swain*).—When I was out buggy ridin' with Miss Daisy Flitters, last Sunday, she insisted on takin' the reins!

ABNER APPLEDRY.—What did you do?

JAY GREEN.—Aw! I took the hint!

"YES, children, drink is a bad thing; indirectly it was the cause of Uncle Jake's death. I tell ye how it happened.

"On his fortieth birthday he gave one of them there swell birthday parties, and he had a big cake with forty candles a-burning on it—one candle fur each year of his life. Wal, yer uncle got to drinkin' and drinkin, 'til finally he drank so gol dorn much that he got to seeing double, and the next time he looked at that birthday cake he counted eighty candles instead of forty, and he died of old age;—all due to likker, children; all due to likker!"—*Princeton Tiger.*

W. & J. Sloane

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CARPETS,
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UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

Plans and estimates for furnishing and decorating interiors complete submitted upon application.

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Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

IF children were good every time they promise to be, how little real fun they would have.—*Washington Democrat.*

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England, and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

A GIRL without money is the most generous thing on earth.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Simply a Beverage.
Rich in Malt Extract.
Food and Drink in One.

Evans' Stout

A Great Blood Maker,
Better than Drugs,
The Essence of Nature.

1786. C. H. EVANS & SONS, 1898.
Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers,
HUDSON, N. Y.

A MEAN MANAGER.

ANXIOUS FRIEND.—Mercy! What 's the matter?

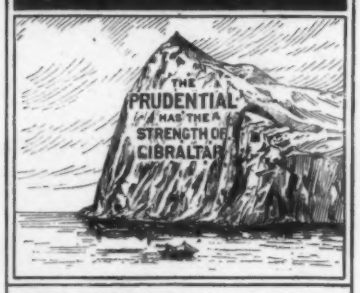
STAR ACTRESS. — Boo-hoo! Oh! that manager is too mean; he 's trying to ruin my reputation.

"The brute! How?"

"I refused to play in a new part, and he — boo-hoo! — he has n't sued me for damages at all."—*New York Weekly.*

INSURE IN

The Prudential



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The New Pennsylvania Railroad Cab Service at Washington, D. C.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put into operation in connection with its Sixth Street Station, Washington, D. C., a complete and efficient cab service similar to that in operation at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and West Twenty-third Street Station, New York. The service is performed by brand new rubber-tired coupés, victorias, and omnibuses at very reasonable rates, and in the same prompt and satisfactory manner that has characterized the service in other cities. The vehicles will be found at the cab stand at the B Street entrance to the Washington Station, and may be engaged by the trip or by the hour.

Yale MIXTURE FOR Christmas

Ladies, this jar, containing a pound of Yale Mixture, will prove as acceptable a Christmas present as anything you can make or buy for a man who smokes. It is really a very attractive and permanently useful ornament—for the library—den—or student's room. The cover is made to hold sponge (or apple), to keep the tobacco always moist and in perfect smoking condition. Every one knows how good Yale Mixture is. There is nothing better — it smokes cool, sweet, does not bite the tongue, and is fragrant and pleasant in the house.

Ladies should encourage Pipe-smoking — as it is *economical!* You can buy this jar (400 pipefuls in it) at any first-class Tobacco store for $2.00. 400 cigars would cost $60.00. Pure, natural tobacco like "Yale," smoked in a pipe, is the best smoke of all, and never fails to *satisfy!*

"RING out, wild bells!" the poet wrote,
But were he here to-day,
To listen to the 'phone's shrill note,
"Ring off!" is what he 'd say.
—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5/6 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1/2 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

A Fleshy Consumptive

Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one? Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh.

If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take

Scott's Emulsion

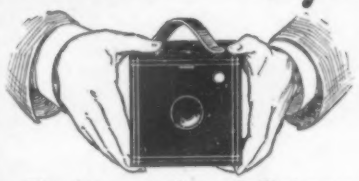
of *cod liver oil with hypophosphites.* No remedy is such a perfect preventive to consumption. Just the moment your throat begins to weaken and you find you are losing flesh, you should begin to take it.

And no other remedy has cured so many cases of consumption. Unless you are far advanced with this disease, Scott's Emulsion will hold every inducement to you for a perfect cure.

All Druggists, 50c. and $1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Holidays are Kodak Days



The long evenings of Christmas-tide are made doubly delightful by taking flash-light pictures of one's friends.

Picture taking by daylight or flash-light is easy with a Kodak.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

THESE are piping times for plumbers.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

NOVELTY KNIVES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The finest novelty on the market for high grade advertising.

Under durable transparent handles can be placed your name and address, photos society and trade emblems, eminent men and women, actresses, machinery, &c. "*Warranted best materials and workmanship and free from defects.*" Knife same as cut, $1.50; 3 bl. $1.00. Mechanic's, 2 bl., $1.50. Ladies', 2 bl., 80c., 3 bl. $1.25. Boys', 2 bl., 75c. Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO.

FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for Catalogues. 150 engravings N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

CLUB MEN ON A TRAIN.

Several members of a New York Club, describing a recent trip to Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-four hour trains, expressed the opinion that this service furnished all the accommodations of a first-class club, with the added advantage of the finest landscapes in the country, and an opportunity for the practical study of history and geography that is unsurpassed.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

STRANGER *(entering editorial sanctum).*—I have a little poem here, sir, entitled "Sweet Solace." I want you to put it in your paper. I 'll just read it to you.

"I love to see the moon come up behind the eastern hills,

"I love to sit in gentle thought
beside the babbling rills;

"I love to hear the purling notes of trustful whippoorwills,

"And then go home and take a dose of Pinkney's Purple Pills,
That 's guaranteed to cure all kinds of human mortals' ills —
Price — a dollar a bottle.

"I want that top of column next to reading matter, for six weeks."
THE EDITOR *(effusively).*—Beautiful, my dear sir! Beautiful!

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WHAT SAVED HIM; OR, ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.